

prizes. But even in this, the school of highest grade at that period in Western Virginia, she was in a measure deprived of that thorough and liberal education which her ambition craved. When she completed the course and returned home it was with a painful consciousness on her part of how little she knew and how much she had yet to learn.

She often spoke in after years in a lively and amusing way of her life at this remote seminary, and of how the scholars had to rough it; of what would now be styled their hardships, but which did not seriously effect these light-hearted girls. She alluded to her own life at this season of her early joys, as smooth and pleasant, and to the valley of the Falling Spring as a kind of earthly paradise. Her opening years here and at her home at Sweet Springs, were eminently happy and this sunny morning betokened the short, but cloudless day that was coming.

Concerning their life at Mr. Crutchfield's generally she said it was not uncomfortable or unpleasant. His table was liberally supplied with whatever the country produced, such as beef, mutton, poultry, and now and again with game and fish furnished by the forests, and the mountain streams. Of foreign luxuries they saw little or nothing. Their coffee was generally roasted rye, or a mixture of rye and "Rio," and their evening drink was milk or Sassafras tea. When they visited distant friends they rode on horseback, or were crowded into Mr. Crutchfield's cariole—a kind of covered spring cart.

In their intervals of toilsome labors, and Mr. C. was far from allowing his pupils to neglect their studies, they passed much of their time gathering wild flowers in the green fields or on the mountain sides, visiting from time to time the cottages of the hearty mountaineers, whose good wives always

welcomed them with a glass of sweet milk, some new laid eggs, or delicious fruit.

It must be remembered that these hours of leisure were not given to enjoyment only,—hours so favorable to improvement were better employed. When they returned from the fields, their hands tinted with the rich purple and crimson of the flowers they had gathered, it was not the blood stain of murdered time. On the contrary they were only signs of the eagerness with which they pursued knowledge as well as pleasure, in some department of natural history, for they were always accompanied in their outdoor excursions by a teacher. Trees were waving, flowers blooming, birds singing, and insects revelling around them—the very pebbles in their pathway contained a history of the past within them; the stream flowing by them had its finny tribes, most wonderfully adapted to their element, and these lighter hours were given to an examination, almost a study, of these objects—animate and inanimate, as they came from the hands of our Creator. And it may be safely asserted that few professional botanists were deeper versed at a little later period in the virtues of various herbs and plants, and how they might be made subservient to our uses, domestic and medicinal, than was Anne Lewis.

It was during her sojourn at this school, while spending a holiday with her sister, Mrs. Massie, at the Valley Farm, that she first met John Howe Peyton, then in the zenith of his professional success and one of the handsomest and most accomplished men in Virginia. He had recently returned from active service with the army of 1812-15, of which he was a daring and enterprising officer. She was at this time in the flush of opening womanhood, at the romantic age, and listened with wrapt attention and delight to his eloquent

conversation, his graphic and animated accounts of the camp and field. She was herself rich in what has been styled with poetic license the fatal dower of beauty and was as clever as pretty. The result may be as easily imagined as told—they were speedily betrothed and shortly after her return to the paternal roof, though her beauty drew suitors for her hand from far and near, were married (1821.)

It was a fortunate marriage and brought her all the happiness promised by a union with the chosen of her heart. Her home was thereafter in Staunton for a few years and subsequently till her death at Montgomery Hall. She thus returned to the original location of her great grandfather the "lord of the hills," to pass her life amidst the scenes rendered historic by his and his brave companions' long struggle with their savage enemies and almost within sight of the ruins of that Fort Lewis, under whose stout walls the colony grew, in time, strong enough to defy every foe.

Civil life, as we know it, hardly existed in those days in Virginia; all that was powerful, all that was honored, was connected with war; the ideas of the time more or less insensibly took a military color; men's callings and necessity were in one way or the other to fight; and to fight with effect needed combination, endurance, and practice, and the rude forts of the frontier were camps or barracks where there was continual drill and exercise, fixed times, appointed task, hard fare, incessant watchfulness, an absolute obedience to officers. Armed men, with sentinels posted to give warning of an enemy's approach, tilled the fields. Cattle were herded at night around the strong places; patrols scoured the country day and night, and, in fact, all the precautions were taken which are necessary to intruders in an enemy's country. Many a dark tale of massacre has been connected with the settlement

of West Augusta; and the story of the Lewises and other pioneers, forms a romantic and memorable feature in the history of those turbulent times. Fort Lewis was the only place of security west of the Blue Ridge and south of Winchester. It was a fortress of little architectural extent or pretension, but in its associations one of the most popular and interesting of our historical places.

In her new home Anne Peyton soon developed more fully the noble qualities which so much endeared her to a numerous circle of friends and the intellectual parts by which she was afterwards so widely known. There was no object of a humane and laudable kind to which she did not devote her time and attention, but particularly was her active philanthropy displayed in connexion with the large slave population on her husband's estates. She made herself intimately acquainted with the real condition of the negroes on these plantations and set on foot remedies for the evils necessarily incident to their condition. Her labors were attended with success, and not only the physical but the intellectual and moral condition of these unfortunate beings was improved and advanced.

Happily the prosperity of Virginia was in her day so exuberant, that there was little poverty of any kind. There are, however, always cases of want to be found in every community, and these she sought out and relieved when and where the world was not cognizant. In a word she offered bread to the famishing and hope to the desperate. Her tender sympathy extended even to the brute creation. She could not patiently endure to see dumb creatures suffering from cruelty or want of proper care, and the very animals instinctively regarded her as their thoughtful friend.

Anne Montgomery Peyton became the mother of ten

children, all of whom reached years of maturity, and with two exceptions married and have families of their own, and all now survive but her second daughter, Anne Montgomery, who died unmarried in 1870, and her son Yelverton. She was, as we shall see, a most careful mother and affectionate wife, looking up to her husband as a superior being, and took upon herself the heavy burden of care in connection with the rearing and education of this numerous family, to which her husband could give little attention from the absorbing pursuit of his profession and the overwhelming character of his engagements.

It was truly in the domestic sphere that she most shone, and her children owe so much to her teachings and example, to her maternal tenderness and training, that the recollection of their days at the Hall is the most precious remembrance they carry with them through life.

Her mind was always active in devising means for the benefit of her children. Nor would she allow any personal inconvenience or discomfort to interfere with her plans for carrying them out. She often entered into their juvenile games and amusements with all the vivacity of her nature. Nor did it lessen the deference and respect they felt for her. She knew when to be little and when to be great. When to exercise her authority, how to enhance her influence, and the value of example in enforcing both. Thus obedience became so easy that her children soon combined the pleasure of anticipating her wishes with the duty of compliance. Of course in every family there are to be found wrong tempers, feverish ailments, and perverseness of disposition, and willing obedience cannot be, at all times and on all occasions, obtained however consistently authority may be maintained. But as far as a child however helpless, ignorant, and inexperienced could

be brought into habits of obedience by a judicious exercise of parental authority, without an approach to undue severity, it was accomplished by her tact and discretion.

Some one has called the boy the "father of the man," but the mother is more especially the parent of the child, forming, directing and educating its mind and heart. The very pulses of its life throb responsively with hers, from heart it springs into being and her heart should be its natural shelter and resting place while life lasts. A Christian mother she was who made the well-being for her children, spiritual and physical next to her duty to God and her husband, the object of her most watchful attention, and whether in the nursery, the play grounds or school rooms, or the household bestowed upon them the utmost care, instructing them at one time and romping with them at another.

In their sports it was, indeed, her habit frequently to join. She considered play not merely essential to a child's happiness, but to its physical, moral and spiritual well being. She therefore interested herself in the amusements of her children with as much zeal and enjoyment apparently as they themselves—thus at very little expense and trouble to herself adding greatly to their pleasures. She would now and again pull the children's wagons around the nursery, make a flag for a little boat, or dress a doll in the style of our Revolutionary matrons from a few scraps of silk and calico. She studied the characters of her different children as they were developed in play and thus gained an insight into their inner life which guided her as to their future. Some children are naturally of a robust constitution and their play is characterized by noise and action; others not so strong are of a more gentle and studious disposition, pursue the amusements in comparative quiet. She observed this and regulated her

coarse accordingly for she considered it a sign of ill health, if one of the brood sat silently and mopingly apart from the group; and at once sought the cause of such an unnatural state of things and to remove it. In the merest trifles she exercised a wise judgment and considered nothing trivial which concerned the happiness of her children. For example, so minute and particular was she that she never allowed the children to play with one particular set of toys until they had lost all their interest and were cast aside. This, she asserted, taught them two bad habits—to wear out a pleasure threadbare, and reckless destruction. She did not interfere violently to deprive the children of them, but joining in their play for a moment would suggest a change. With flushed cheeks and laughing eyes would draw them into lively romp or game of “puss in the corner,” in order to get them away from a spot where they had been too long over kites, puzzles, or dolls dresses.

Few families of children indeed had more care bestowed upon them, and no one can fail to admire the good sense and tact of a mother who with such rare skill contributed to the happiness of her little brood. Often did she with a box of paints, a pencil and some paper employ the children during a wet afternoon, or in fine weather having a game of hoop or *les graces* in the grounds. Considering play one of the first necessities of a child's existence, she encouraged hers to play with all their hearts—but never to the neglect of graver studies. These were attended to in proper season. But when play time came they were free to enjoy themselves thoroughly, so that their fun did not run into mischief. Thus her children associated their mother with their pleasant memories of enjoyment and she never went amongst them that her presence was not hailed with joy.

With their education strictly so speaking, she was equally particular, though her duties prevented her from conducting it herself. She saw however, that the person, Miss Lucy Stone, a native of Massachusetts and educated in Boston, to whose care they were for some years confided, and afterwards Miss Forneret, the daughter of a retired officer of the British army and educated in Paris, was worthy of the charge.

With their school tasks she was herself familiar and saw that their minds were not overtasked, and now and again cautioned Miss Stone to suit the lessons to their ages and capacities, saying "strengthen and instruct, do not tire the mind."

Sometimes she questioned them herself to ascertain whether they understood their own lessons rather than learnt them by rote without taking in the meaning of them. Often during hours of recreation, she spoke of the means of acquiring information and said there were five eminent methods whereby the mind is improved in the knowledge of things, namely by observation, reading, instruction by lectures, conversation and thought or study. What was meant by these terms she fully explained, and lest she might fatigue and create a distaste for learning by such serious discourse, would on occasions with much tact glide into lighter themes, and tell stories teaching valuable lessons, through this medium, every story having a moral which the young people were left to draw from the incidents of the narrative. Information was thus conveyed to their minds without fatiguing them, so that to learn from her was a positive pleasure. She taught them also to write little stories by making pleasant suggestions to them. Never shall the writer forget his admiration for her talents, readiness and efficiency when she would at their request sometimes condescend to write one herself. It was sure to be effective and set us thinking. Nor his gratitude for aid,

when he was confronted with the task of answering his first letter. A few days after its receipt sitting down in the presence of his mother he commenced a reply. His ideas would not flow in orthodox channels, he could think of nothing to say that did not have reference to the farm and stable, and begged his mother to give him some assistance. "No," she answered, "do your best, I will then examine and correct it, or write something for you."

After completing his note which was redolent as may be imagined of the farm and barn yard with its pigs and fowls, he gave it to her. She laughed heartily at his first effort, but sweetened what he thought her irony by a little praise. It was not, however, she said, the kind of letter his aunt would expect or care to read. She then in a few moments, without taking her pen from the paper, dashed off a letter of sparkling diction and fascinating humor. Surprised, amazed indeed, at her readiness and power of description, delighted at what appeared to him her wonderful success, proud of her as his mother and withal grateful for her assistance, he threw his arms round about her neck, covering her with kisses and exclaiming "Why Mamma, you are indeed a genius—a giant of the pen. I never will be able to write like that."

His first guide and his earliest critic, he soon learned from her that affection for literature which has afforded him so much solace in his chequered life. Availing herself of this occasion the mother impressed upon the son the advantages of aiming at perfection in everything he undertook.

The tenor of her remarks may be thus summarized: unless aimed at we certainly would never attain perfection while frequent attempts would make it easy. She animadverted upon idleness and indifference, remarking that in the comparatively unimportant matter of writing a letter as it

was considered, we should give it our greatest care, that it might be as perfect in all its parts as we could make it. The subject should be expressed plainly and intelligibly, and in as elegant style as we were capable of. Before writing a sentence we should examine it, that it might contain nothing vulgar or inelegant in thought or word; that we should guard ourselves against attempts at wit, which might wound, or too much levity and familiarity which was foolish and impertinent. And seek to express ourselves with manly simplicity, free of affectation. This was the usual style of Cicero's epistles and rendered them deeply interesting and improving. No one could reach such excellence, without purity in the choice of words, justness of construction, joined with perspicuity of style. That in our letters we should not attempt what is called fine writing, but have them, like our conversation, unstudied and easy, natural and simple.

In fact, she said Cicero's were the most valuable collection of letters extant in any language, written to the greatest men of the age, composed with purity and elegance, and without the least affectation and without any view to their publication, which adds greatly to their merit.

She particularly disliked extravagant, what she called "random talking," and early warned her children against exaggeration, quoting in this connection from her favorite work:—

"He that hath knowledge spareth his word, and even a fool when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

Her children were also earnestly admonished against evil speaking, as indicating a want of regard to the high and loving authority of God who has positively forbidden it,—
 "If any man offend *not* in word, the same is a perfect man,

and able to bridle the whole body"—such evil speaking denoted a want of brotherly love and charity, of humility in our hearts, which would teach us that we are too vile ourselves to complain of others.

In all her teachings the Bible was the basis of all direct religious instruction, its facts, doctrines, histories—the law, the Gospel. She endeavored not only to make it plain to the understanding and to impress it on the memory, but to bring it to bear on the conscience and the affections. Her children were taught to reverence the Sabbath-day, to engage in daily prayer, not only for a blessing on their efforts generally, but very especially for the "exceeding greatness of that mighty power," which, whatever means are used, can alone raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. The Scriptures furnished, she declared, many examples of the power of prayer. Nothing seemed to be too great, too hard, or too difficult for prayer to do. Prayer opened the Red Sea. Prayer brought water from the rock and bread from Heaven. Prayer made the Sun stand still. Prayer brought fire from the sky on Elijah's sacrifice. Prayer turned the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness. Prayer overthrew the Army of Senhacherib. Prayer has healed the sick, raised the dead, procured the conversion of souls. Prayer, pains and faith can do anything. "Let me alone," is the remarkable saying of God to Moses, when Moses was about to intercede for the children of Israel.—EXO., CH., XXXII. V. 10.

So long as Abraham asked mercy for Sodom, the Lord went on giving. He never ceased to give till Abraham ceased to pray.

It was Anne Peyton's belief that there is no condition in life, no occupation or profession however unfavorable it may appear to the cultivation of religion, which precludes the pos-

sibility, or exempts us from the obligation, of acquiring those good dispositions and exercising those Christian virtues which the Gospel requires.

In this manner this model woman sought to teach her children to persevere in the right direction in spite of all discouragements, but not to expect harvest in seed time.

She also endeavored betimes to instil in their minds prudence and practical knowledge, and repeated in this connection the significant language of a motto which she had been informed, by a traveller, was to be seen over the doorway of a Chalet in the mountains of Switzerland:—motto containing a volume of wordly wisdom—

“Speak little, speak truth, spend little, pay cash.”

In the household her presence was felt from the kitchen to the attic. She ordered all the domestic arrangements—neither handing over the management of her house to the servants, or her children to nurses and governesses. She superintended in a way to see personally that all was as it should be. Careful in these matters, she was equally solicitous that her daughters should understand the proper method of regulating a household, and how to provide for the want of a family. For this purpose she instructed them herself how to purchase, or select the different articles required for home consumption: how to choose the various kinds of meat, fish and poultry, and then how properly to cook them. They were also instructed in the art of making tarts, puddings and even confectionary, many a happy evening has the writer spent with his sisters and their young school friends at what juveniles called a “toffee-party.” She said this kind of knowledge made them independent of ignorant servants, and was not detrimental to the dignity of any lady, mother, or daughter. She always sought to make them adepts in the science of good house-

wifery, as being the most useful and honorable knowledge for those whose destiny it is to become the mothers of families.

It may not be interesting to say a few words at this point as to the good uses to which she applied the knowledge acquired at Mr. Crutchfield's school, of the virtues of various herbs and plants. A case of illness or an accident never occurred in the family, among either whites or blacks, numbering between 60 and 100 souls, that she was not early by the bed side of the unfortunate sufferer, and as soon as she understood the case, prompt to apply some simple, homely remedy; for she had specifics for all mortal maladies. If accidents occurred she had balasms, cataplasms, ointments, &c., &c., prepared from flowers and herbs for external application, and in cases of fevers, or other diseases, she prescribed her decoctions, draughts, electuaries, &c., and required these nostrums to be gulped down. From the hoarhound indigenous to our fields, she prepared a decoction for colds, from the wild cherry an extract for coughs, from tansey and the bark of the dogwood tree, a tonic, from camomile, a tea of reputed virtues, from the dandelion, the buds of the Balm of Gilead cures for dyspepsia, &c. In a word she was provided against all forms of disease with pills, plasters, powders, syrups, tinctures, elixirs—a whole catalogue of her own medicinal preparations. Of course the simple manner in which she extracted the virtues of these and other plants rendered them less potent and probably less efficacious than the preparations of the professional chemist, but they were generally applied or taken with good effect.

The value of her practical knowledge in such matters can hardly be overestimated, when it is considered how "few and far between" were the medical men in those days in Virginia; how difficult it was to procure drugs, or medicines and

when they could be obtained, how often they were impaired in quality by adulterations.

These brief facts illustrative of the efficient and practical character of this excellent mother, will, the author trusts, tend to direct the attention of others to the study of nature as a most useful, as well as inexhaustible source of pure and refined pleasure.

“Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains a folio volume. We may read, and read and read again and still find something new—something to please and something to interest, even in the noisome weed.”

Order, as may be supposed, reigned in her establishment and it was delightful to see the children assembled at table together, with clothes neatly put on, hands and faces clean, hair properly arranged, the table itself laid as if company was expected. The board at the hospitable Hall was, however, rarely spread without being enlivened by the presence of guests. John Howe Peyton's public position no less than his social tastes made it a necessity as well as a pleasure for him to see a great deal of company. He entertained the Federal and State judiciary and their respective bars during term time; the Federal, State and County officials; Congressional, Senatorial and Legislative representatives of both parties; the Rectors, Visitors and Professors of our great seats of learning; the Bishops and Clergy; such officers of the Army and Navy as were from time to time in the county, and of the Militia; and all strangers. The Hall was thus the resort of eminent persons, male and female, and it may be truly asserted that all received there lessons in accomplishments. The wisest and most gifted men found beneath that refined roof something beyond woman's prerogative, the power to call forth, as with a fairy's wand, all that is most intellectual in their masculine

natures; they found assistance and advice, as well as interest and sympathy. Eloquence, politics, philosophy were alternately discussed; and when these proved too severe, the lighter arts of conversation were successfully tried, varying to the humor of the moment.

She was, in a word, the light and ornament of her home, presiding over it with dignity and grace, looking after her children and providing for the wants of a large dependent population of negroes; and yet finding time to seek out and relieve the necessitous in the community.

Though at this time many of Mrs. Peyton's good qualities were not sufficiently obvious to the writer, such as her practical household virtues, because he was still too young to understand how much good management and general good sense is required to conduct domestic affairs properly; and fancied she took upon herself too much the duties of a housekeeper, he has had sufficient experience in after life to set the right value upon them, and to do her full and ample justice.

In those days it was his great delight to see her in company, displaying her wit and knowledge. She acquitted herself so well, never asking a silly question, or giving a foolish answer and sustained her part by her general abilities and knowledge so admirably in intellectual conversation, and inspired such respectful attention from clever men that he keenly appreciated her accomplishments and was as proud of her talents and address, as he has since been of her character, which comprehending fully in maturer years he recognizes as a combination of all that is noble and excellent.

With this insight into her character and domestic life it is easy to understand that she was universally respected and drew all, more especially her children, to her by the cords of love,—that perfect confidence existed between her and them,

They felt they could trust her with the full faith of innocent childhood, and never did she turn them away by coldness, sending back the warm current of their love chilled to its source: never did she check the outpourings of their confidence by severity; never did they turn from her grieved and disappointed by want of sympathy.

To the writer she was peculiarly affectionate, kind and considerate. She never wearied of imparting good advice to him making opportunities to expatiate on certain virtues and vices. She particularly dwelt upon the necessity of industry, if a young man wished to secure anything good, valuable, or worth having in this world. The substance of her teachings was that the world and all things around us, remind us of the necessity of labor, for though the earth, by the blessing of the Almighty, produces food sufficient for man and the various animals that inhabit it; yet, without labor, it would become a wilderness, covered with briars and thorns. But besides food and clothing our nature required that we should provide shelter against the inclemency of the weather; these are continual calls upon us for self-exertion which contributed as much to our happiness as to health. Moderate labor promoted the free circulation of the blood, and carried off disorders, which indolence would occasion; the laboring man eats his bread with an appetite to which the idle and the voluptuous are strangers; his sleep is sweet, and his rest undisturbed. As for industry it was rewarded in many ways: "The hand of the diligent maketh rich. He that gathereth in summer is wise, but he that sleepeth in harvest causeth shame."—Prov., ch. x, v. 4. "He that would thrive, should rise by five;" and as Poor Richard observes, "Himself hold the plough or drive."

"The difference between rising at five or seven in the

course of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford 8 day for exactly ten years; so that it is the same as if ten years were added to our lives, in which we command 8 hours a day for our improvement in useful things."

But besides lengthening, industry sweetens life; the habitation of the industrious man is comfortable and clean, and his careful wife is truly his counterpart, always usefully employed. Difficulties in this life, however, must be expected—they should not depress or discourage us,—they were necessary to quicken us to exertion and disappeared before a determined resolution to accomplish our object. Even in Paradise man was not allowed to be idle: "The Lord God put him into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it."—Gen., ch. ii, v. 15. And ever since the fall, as part of the curse entailed by sin and mortality, its consequence, the sentence of God has come forth—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."—Gen., ch. iii, v. 19. The very angels of Heaven were ministering Spirits who performed the Divine will cheerfully, actively, and diligently. A man's affairs run fast to ruin who allows his powers to lapse into indolence and sloth, and thus according to the wise man: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and "seest thou a man diligent in business; he shall stand before Kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

This was the general direction of her thoughts when in graver moments she sought to prepare her children for the career of life. Having represented the means and the value of success in worldly matters lest the imagination might be unduly excited, she would suddenly remind them that there

was a purer, brighter, nobler world than this; a world where there is no ignorance to darken, no error to mislead, no infirmities to lament, no enemies to assail, no cares to harass, no sickness to endure, no changes to experience, but where all will be perfect bliss, unclouded light, unspotted purity, immortal tranquility and joy.

It is easy to understand that their childhood was happy, and that all their recollections of it are associated with their mother, who in her capacity as wife and mistress of the family was responsible, by reason of their father's repeated absences, for the general arrangement and combination of the different elements of social and domestic comfort. She was arbiter in all their trivial disputes, the soother of all jarring and discord, the explainer of all misunderstandings, and in short the main-spring of the machinery by which social and domestic happiness was constantly supplied both in her household and within the circle she adorned.

In the wider sphere, beyond the family circle, she was known by acts of benevolence, rather than as one endeavoring to conform to the world. She did not strive at the same time to be a follower of the fashions and maxims of the world and a friend to Him who has declared "The friendship of the world is enmity with God: Whosoever therefore will be a friend to the world is the enemy of God."

Her piety was sincere and unostentatious. Her religion was that of love and good works. Her daily life was her most beautiful teaching and all her children, more particularly the elder ones, carry into their lives the influence of the time spent in daily intercourse with her.

Yet she did not neglect the cultivation of social happiness—only she knew where to draw the line between light and darkness—how to enter into and enjoy the blandishments

of society without lapsing into worldliness of spirit. In conversation she was ready, animated and interesting, and impressed all with her superiority.

After her marriage Anne Peyton devoted every hour she could appropriate from other engagements, for several years, to a regular course of reading, and to the end of her life gave much time to books. She was familiar with the classic authors of the Grecian and Roman worlds, and the choicest belonging to our English and American literature. From them she quoted freely both in conversation and letters. She was particularly fond, among the poets, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Gray, Burns, Wordsworth, Byron, and of those pleasing essayists, Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson and Washington Irving. Under the advice of her husband she read the histories of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Prescott and Bancroft, and the novels of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Scott, Cooper and Irving.

In public affairs she was well informed and took a lively interest. A supporter of the Old Whig party, few men, not in public life, were more thoroughly acquainted than herself with political affairs. Conversative in her feelings, she strongly disapproved the ultra democratic opinions of "Old Hickory" and his successor in the Presidency, Martin VanBuren. Periodical election for offices; the ostracism of political opponents; the extension of suffrage to non-property holders; the recurrent election at short intervals of Judges by popular vote, she considered one and all fatal innovations on our ancient laws. It was her belief that such measures would lead to degeneracy in our Statesmen, drive from public life the better class of citizens, and let in demagogues, and with them introduce peculation, public plunder, and general corruption and incompetency. And the recent (1874-75) disclosures at Washington

of bribery in connection with the War-office under General Belknap, one of the principal Secretary's of State, the trial of General Babcock, the President's private Secretary, for complicity in the Whiskey frauds, the credit mobilier combinations, or "rings," and other instances of official rottenness and corruption go a long way to establish her far seeing sagacity. A true lover of her country, she exercised her power as a Christian mother to inspire in the hearts of her children a profound and thrilling sense of patriotism.

In every respect a remarkable and attractive character, her history may be safely studied as a model and example. There is not a house in Virginia where the story of her domestic virtues, were it properly told, would not be welcomed, and in which it would not do good. Had she not been encumbered with the cares of a large establishment and the rearing of a numerous progeny, to both of which she devoted herself with thorough self-abnegation, she would doubtless have turned her attention to the pursuit of literature and might have rivalled the fame of Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Caroline Burney, Frederica Bremer, Mrs. Stowe, or any of the distinguished female writers of America, past and present.

A true type she was of the mothers of our Colonial and Revolutionary era, the mothers of those great and good men, bred amidst the trials of the border, who founded our Government upon the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity.

This is the picture, roughly sketched, of the character of that excellent woman attempted to be brought out by brief forcible touches from personal impression of her leading features, rather than by carefully weighed and balanced summaries. She was "one of many," a model of the mothers of Virginia from whom have sprung that long list of illustrious

sons from Washington and Lewis to Lee and Jackson, men who have shed imperishable glory upon their race and country, and won for Virginia the proud title of being the "Mother of Statesmen as well as of States.

In April 1847 a great sorrow fell upon that happy home of Montgomery Hall, by the death of the great and good head of it.

Shortly after this event her health failed and she died surrounded by her children, July, 1850. An event of which the writer has never lost the impression, and in connection with which more than once have Gray's words recurred to memory, when, near the close of his life the poet, in writing to a friend says:—"I had written to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think this obvious and what you call a trite observation, You are a green gosling! I was at the same age very near as wise as you; I never discovered this with full evidence—I mean till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago and seems but as yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

So it is in the author's case, he never knew the extent of his misfortune until it was irreparable. And now when looking back upon her life, after a quarter of a century, it is with a sorrow chastened, and brought into subjection, but not obliterated by time! Taking a retrospect of her life the writer can think of nothing with which her friends could reproach her, unless it be a disregard of her own health and comfort.

So unselfish was she that it pleased her most to bestow upon others the best of every thing she could obtain. If her charities and sphere of usefulness were limited it was no fault of hers—within her sphere she did her duty and her whole

duty. All her actions sprang directly and solely from a sense of duty and was sustained by a healthy delight in its performance. Her life was a sincerely happy one. She was happy in her marriage and in her children, in her literary and domestic pursuits. She busied herself in philanthropic and educational reforms, and was one of the warmest advocates of the foundation of the Virginia Female Institute in Staunton, one of the most flourishing colleges the Southern States for the education of women. To this fund John Howe Peyton liberally subscribed, and he was President of the first Board of Trustees.

Although of an impulsive nature, her religious feelings, like her social, were deep and permanent. Socially she was genial and companionable and a favorite with both old and young. With the young she was ever ready to talk and encourage them in their plans and studies, and she always had sympathy, advice and counsel for old and young when in trouble.

Her temperament was naturally somewhat quick. She was conscious of this infirmity and happily overcame it. Not giving herself credit, however, for the patience she had acquired, she has often with a womanly tear in her eye, regretted to the author that she was so easily excited and in the excitement so precipitate. She begged her children to be on their guard against such an enemy to our peace, quoting, "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

In our intercourse with society, she urged that it was our duty to curb any tendency to hastiness of temper, for as a gentleman cannot take an affront, she said, he should be very cautious how he gives one; we should persevere in all that is right, and allow no weak desire of pleasing to tempt us from

the paths of virtue. In this way she proved herself the sincerest of friends and the wisest of counsellors, and prepared her sons for "The court, the camp, the field, the grove."

Such in general terms was this model matron, this "mother in Israel" who deserves more than this brief notice, especially from her children whom she loved so well. This simple outline of her character and career, it is hoped, may not be considered unworthy of perusal. Gentle, affectionate and lenient, she was beloved by all who knew her. Happy in herself, she diffused happiness not only through the immediate circle which she, like a star illumined, but warming with a brilliance as effective as beautiful, all within her range.

Her understanding was good as her heart, and few human beings ever lived blest with a more cheerful disposition, a more generous spirit or a tenderer soul.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS, ANNE MONTGOMERY PEYTON.
OF "MONTGOMERY HALL," AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA..

True daughter of Virginia's soil,
Scion of a noble race,
Thy virtues, tho' by bards unsung,
Hold in fond heart's a place,
Which time with its dark sullen tide
Can ne'er dim or efface.

Reared in a "sweet sequestered vale,"
Where flowers the fairest grew,
And blossoms on their native hills,
In beauty's varying hue;
Mere crystal streams down Mountain's side
Bright sprays of silver threw.

And thou, so like those blushing flowers.
Whose buds the Sun's soft ray
Had kissed, until new beauties burst
With every dawning day,
And thy young heart free as those streams.
Whose waters idly play.

Endowed with learning's richest gift,
A bright peculiar star,
Thou mov'dst in social widening range,
With not a shade to mar
Or dim the lustre soft and bright
That blazed and shone afar.

The mystic spell of nature's charms
 Thy being closely bound,
 And in each changing, passing scene,
 Thou some new pleasure found,
 And youthful hopes, and youthful dreams,
 By fortune's smile was crowned.

And when removed to other spheres,
 The love that warmed thy breast
 Shed 'round its rays with power that soothed
 Sad, aching hearts to rest,
 For of all gifts to fellow-man
 Sweet sympathy's the best.

Then children gamboled 'round thy knee,
 In childhoods glad delight,
 Thy watching eye marked well the road
 Which led them to the right;
 The straight and narrow way which leads
 Up to the heavenly height.

True daughter of Virginia's soil,
 Mother of an honored race,
 Thy memory in thy children's hearts,
 Still holds its loyal place,
 And years in their mad sweep and rush,
 Will ne'er dim or efface.

Wren's "Echoes from the heart," p. 214.

APPENDICES.

A.

THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN H. AND ANN M. PEYTON.

1. Susan Madison Peyton, born 1822, m. Col. John B. Baldwin, no issue.
2. John Lewis Peyton, born 1824, m. Henrietta E. C., daughter of Col. John C. Washington, of North Carolina, and niece of Gov. Wm. A. Graham, Hon. James H. Bryan, etc., and have issue, one son, *Lawrence Washington Howe Peyton*, born 1872, a distinguished graduate V. M. I., having taken the 2d Jackson-Hope medal and the degree of C. E. In 1894-'95, Capt. Lawrence W. H. Peyton, after a law course at the University of Virginia, is Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington.
3. Anne Montgomery Peyton died unmarried.
4. Mary Preston, m. R. A. Gray and has issue:
 1. Robert;
 2. Susan Peyton, m. to Rockingham Paul, brother of Hon. John Paul, United States District Judge for Western Virginia, and have one son, John Gray Paul;
 3. Isabella, m. Dr. Salmon Welsh, of Annapolis, Md., one daughter;
 4. Howe Peyton Gray, m. Bessie Massie and has issue, two children: 1. Sally Waterman; 2. a son;
 5. Preston L. Gray, who m. Mary S. Bingham, of North Carolina, and has issue, one daughter. Mrs. Gray and all of her children, except Mrs. Welch, are residents of Bristol, Tenn.

5. ~~Lucy~~ Garnet Peyton, m. Judge John N. Hendren, of Augusta, and they had a large family, but only one living;
 1. Anne Peyton, m. Wm. Patrick, of Staunton, and at her death left an only daughter, Anne Hendren Patrick;
 2. Samuel R. Hendren, a distinguished graduate of Washington and Lee University, and in 1894-'95 a student of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.
6. Margaret Lynn Peyton, m. George M. Cochran, of Staunton, and they have living issue: 1. Susan Baldwin; 2. Anne Peyton; 3. John; 4. Margaret Lynn; 5. Peyton Cochran.
7. Elizabeth Trent Peyton, m. Hon. Wm. B. Telfair, of Ohio, and at her death left three children: 1. Wm. B. Telfair, Jr. Susan Peyton Telfair m. James Dougherty, and they have two sons.
8. Yelverton Howe Peyton, who died unmarried in Texas.
9. Virginia Frances, who m. Col. Joseph F. Kent, of Wythe, and have issue: 1. Joseph F.; 2. Susan Peyton; 3. Mary Preston.
10. Cornelia Bernard, m.: 1. Dr. Thos. Brown, and they had issue: J. B. Brown and Peyton Brown. After Dr. B.'s death, she married Wm. H. Greene, and they have issue, two sons, Peyton W. and Newport Barnett.

B.

MRS. SUSAN M. BALDWIN.

Susan, the eldest daughter of this marriage is so remarkable for the vigor of her intellect, her literary tastes and acquirements, for her unselfish generosity of heart, her noble charities and lovely christian character, that we insert with

much pleasure from the *Spectator* of 1891, the following tribute.

A VENERABLE AND RESPECTED LADY.

Mr. Wm. P. Johnson, now (1891) in his 58th year, recently read to the Superintendent, teachers and scholars of the Staunton Baptist church, an interesting account of his connection with Staunton Sunday Schools. In his narrative he says, "I can remember the old school-room in the basement of the old (Episcopal) church, which stood where the new (present) church stands, and the first teacher who taught me, I will give the name of, and it will be the only teacher whose name I shall mention. It was then Miss Susan M. Peyton, who was after several years teaching, married and became the beloved wife of one of Augusta's most brilliant and gifted lawyers, the Hon. John B. Baldwin. I shall never, no never forget the kind Christian teachings of that grand and noble Christian lady. It was in this school, through her teachings, that I first learned of that dear Saviour, who came into the world to suffer and die that I might live."

The publication of the above affords us the pleasing opportunity to say that Mrs. John B. Baldwin still survives in our midst near seventy years of age, but so impaired in health by a severe illness some years since, that she rarely leaves her house, and then only in a carriage. She is an object of universal love and respect: all venerate her for her piety, accomplishments and charities. None know her but to "love her, nor name her but to praise." A woman of gifted intellect, under the eye of her good amiable mother, she enjoyed every advantage which precept and example could afford, and no daughter was ever more sensible of the obligations which she owed to maternal care.

To a liberal and munificent spirit she joins charity, phi-

lanthropy and beneficence and an uncommon share of dignity and firmness of spirit, for while she converses with the lowly, even with her servants as her humble friends, no one knows better how, in the highest society, to support their due consequence and state. She is a great reader and full of general information and can discourse on easy and equal terms alike with scholars, statesmen or divines. Few indeed excel her in wit and judgment. At Montgomery Hall, the charming home of her eminent father, Hon. John H. Peyton, she met nearly all of the distinguished men and women of Virginia, of his day, and has since mingled much in the society of Richmond, Washington and New York, making the acquaintance of the Websters, Clays, Fillmores, Tylers, Tuckers, Randolphs, Lees, Davises, and in fact all the leading public men of the country before and after 1861. Such were her personal charms and the vivacity of her conversation and manners that she was the life and ornament of every circle graced by her presence. The late Judge H. St. George Tucker, father of Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, who was, like Blackstone, a poet as well as a jurist, wrote some beautiful lines addressed to her on her entrance into Richmond Society in 1839, which we hope some of these days to give in our columns.—*Staunton Spectator*, March 11th, 1891.

C

CONTENTS OF A PIGEON HOLE.

We cannot resist the temptation of preserving here the contents of a pigeon hole in our desk.

A LIST OF PEYTONS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

1. Peyton, Dade, cornet 4th Continental Dragoons, 1779, lieutenant June 2, 1779, served to 1783.
2. " Henry, major, and killed at Charleston May 12, 1780.
3. " John, 1st Lieutenant 2nd Virginia Regiment, 1776, wounded at the battle of Brandywine 1778.
4. " Robert, of Virginia; 2nd Lieutenant 3d Va. Regiment, 1777, killed at Brandywine Sept. 11, 1777.
5. " Valentine, Captain 1777, killed at Charleston, S. C., May 12, 1780.
6. " William, of Kentucky.
7. " John Rowze, 1776 to 1783, the "hero boy of '76."
8. " Robert, of Tennessee, killed by the Indians.
9. " Yelverton, of Virginia.
10. " Captain John, 1776, Clothier General 1779, Quartermaster General 1782, of Fluvana Co.
11. " Harrison, Captain 1776, of Albemarle Co.
12. " Colonel Henry, Co., Lieutenant of Prince William 1755, Member Legislature 1761, Sheriff 1779 (see Sharp, life of Washington, vol. 2nd, p. 73.) From whom descends Col. John B. Baldwin, and Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart.
13. " Major Henry, of Lee's Legion, died in the service.
14. " Timothy Killed by the Indians in Ky., 1786-7.
15. " Colonel Francis, of Loudoun, Colonel 1776, Member of Va., Convention of 1776. Member of Legislature 1780, of the Senate 1789 to 1803.
16. " Francis, M. D., Surgeon in Lee's Legion. Washington said he and his brother were two of

- the best officers in the army. (see Sharp, Washington, vol. 11, p. 273.)
17. Peyton, Yelverton, of Stafford, Va., born during the Revolution and ensign in U. S. A., 1st Infantry 1794.
 18. " Valentine, M. D., Surgeon in Rev'y. army, brother-in-law of Col. Wm. Washington, of S. C.
 19. " Ephraim, of Tenn., served 1774 vs. the Indians, from him Balie Peyton springs, also Cheif Jus-E. G. Peyton, of Mississippi.
 20. " Capt. Valentine 3rd Comp., 3rd Va., Reg't 1778, from him springs Col. Charles L. Peyton, of Greenbrier Co., W. Va.
 21. " John jr., of Frederick Co., from him springs Capt. Wm. L. Clark, Peyton Randolph, late of the R. & D. Railroad, John S. Peyton U. S. A., and H. J. Peyton, the old Clerk of the Staunton Chancery Court.
 22. " George, ensign to Rev. Army 1776, ancestor of Col. George L. Peyton, of Glendale, Augusta Co.
 23. " George of Ky., Continental line 1776.

LIST OF PEYTONS IN THE U. S. ARMY.

1. Peyton, Yelverton, of Virginia, ensign in sub-legion, Aug. 1st, 1794; lieutenant 1799; resigned June, 1800.
2. " Garnett, of Virginia; captain in 8th Infantry, 1799.
3. " Francis H., of Virginia, surgeon in 7th Infantry, 1799.
4. " Robert, of Virginia; captain in 2nd Infantry, 1812; died 1813.

5. Peyton, James R., of Virginia; captain in 1st Infantry, 1813; died 1814.
6. " John S., of Virginia; captain in 2nd Infantry, 1813; resigned 1816.
7. " Bernard, of Virginia; captain 1813; resigned 1816; Adjutant General of Virginia and ex-officio President of the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute 1839-'40.
8. " Richard H., of Virginia; a distinguished graduate of West Point, standing among first in his class; lieutenant of artillery 1831; captain 1838; served in the Seminole War, Florida, and died November 11th, 1839, while on duty at Tampa, in Florida, and P. M. of that place. He was one of the 12 persons who bought the land and laid out the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., forseeing its future importance.
9. " Balie, of Tennessee; member of Congress in 1833; United States District Attorney for Louisiana 1837; in 1841 appointed Secretary of War by President Harrison, but declined to accept it under President Tyler; colonel of 5th Louisiana Regiment in the Mexican War; aid to Gen. W. J. Worth and mentioned for gallantry in the battle of Monterey; voted a sword of honor by Louisiana, said sword is now a trophy of the Civil War and in the capitol of Minnesota. He was envoy ext. and minister plenipotentiary to Chili from 1849 to 1853; presidential elector on Bell and Everett ticket in 1860; member of the Senate of Tennessee 1865-'1869. The town of Peytonville, Tenn., named in his honor. Recommended by Thurlow

Weed to President Lincoln for Sec. of War in 1860
(see 5th vol. of C. L. Webster's history of American Literature.)

EARLY LAND GRANTS TO THE PEYTONS.

- Peyton, Henry, Book 4, p. 255, 400 acres in Westmoreland Co., Va., Nov. 1st, 1657.
- “ Valentine, Book 4, p. 426, 1600 acres in Westmoreland Co., July 20th, 1662.
- “ Major Robt., Book 7, p. 81, 1000 acres in New Kent Co.. April 23, 1681.
- “ Robert, of Gloucester, Book 7, p. 233, 150 acres in Kensington parish, Gloucester Co., Va., Feb. 20th, 1682.
- “ Thomas, Book 17, p. 524, 100 acres in Gloucester Co., June 16th, 1738. (See Benning, vol. 3, p. 566, and Land Registry office).

ANECDOTE OF GEN. PEYTON OF KENTUCKY.

It was customary, thirty years ago, for the ladies to attend political pic-nics, or “barbacues” as they are called “out west.” This was particularly the case in the exciting contest between General Leslie Coombs and John C. Breckenridge for a seat in Congress in 1840. Out of this affair grew the authentic story of the beautiful widow—called the “gem of the prairies.” Not far from the Elkhorn river lived the pretty little widow; Mrs. Fauntleroy, whose nearest neighbor was Major-General John Peyton. The gallant general looked upon the widow very much as he did upon his thorough-bred horse, Powhatan. She was the finest wo-

man and Powhatan the finest horse in the "Blue grass" district. Mrs. F. had mourned the loss of her husband more than twelve months; while the General—who was punctilious as to etiquette—waited patiently for the time to elapse in order to propose. The widow kept, with a woman's art, her lover at bay. He with her attended a pic-nic and on their return he declared his confidence in the success of the Whigs. The widow was equally confident of the success of the Democrats and offered to wager her palfrey "Gipsy" against Powhatan—the General accepted the wager and said, "it should be Powhatan or anything else she preferred on his estate." They had now reached the river (Elkhorn) and were about to ford it, when they were overtaken by the General's only son and heir John Peyton, an athletic and spirited young Kentuckian of 24 years. The party struck into the water. The east bank was steep and slippery, and as the horses were clambering up, the girth of Mrs. F.'s saddle broke, and the lady and saddle fell back into the stream, while the unincumbered horse mounted the bank with the swiftness of an arrow. In an instant John Peyton leaped from his horse into the stream and seizing the floating lady bore his lovely burden to the shore. The frightened lady recovering her self-possession requested the General to secure her horse, which was making off rapidly. The General disappeared and soon returned with the animal, finding his son and the widow in fine spirits and very merry over the adventure. She was soon mounted again and proceeded home with the General, while John struck across the meadows for his father's mansion. On reaching the Fauntleroy seat, General Peyton was easily persuaded to remain to dinner, after which the widow entertained him with some of her sweetest music. When he bid her adieu that night, his ponderous frame thrilling with the electrical touch

of her hand, he inwardly felt that she was the most perfect woman and sweetest songstress in all Kentucky.

That night in his dreams the little widow was so often repeated that he resolved to propose on the next meeting. Business called him to Louisville the next day and detained him until after the election which resulted in the defeat of the Whigs and in the election of Breckenridge. General Peyton was both astonished and indignant.

"Mr. Clay's district has disgraced itself," was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his son John, he communicated his intention of bringing Mrs. F. to adorn his establishment.

"Sir, she is" said he, "the finest woman in Kentucky—the pride of the "blue grass" district. I hope you will, notwithstanding her youth, treat her with deference and respect, and yield her the love she has a right to expect from my son!"

John, with a quiet but knowing smile, assured the General of his determination to accord affectionate respect to whomever he might choose for a wife. The old soldier was delighted and ordered Powhatan to be led to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. "Sir," said he to his son, "the Whig party has disgraced itself and Mr. Clay's district, and I must part with my favorite horse Powhatan, who has no equal in the Commonwealth, I have just ordered him to be delivered to Mrs. F. and am about to call, will you accompany me?" The son consented, and when they arrived they found Mrs. F. and two lady friends admiring the splendid animal.

"Madam," said the General, addressing the pretty widow, "I have come to pay the wager I have lost—Powhatan is yours."

"But General," interposed the lady, "I believe the wager

was conditional. It was the horse or anything else I might prefer on your estate, was it not?"

"Right you are madam," said the General, but I can never allow you to select an inferior animal, and I have none that approaches Powhatan."

"You have a very superior biped on your estate, General," replied the blushing widow, "your son, John, whom I have already promised to accept instead of Powhatan."

The astonished General, defeated for the first time, summoned his fortitude, and after recovering from the stunning effect of the widow's speech, rose and in his blandest manner bade the party adieu. To his son he said—"Sir, you will remain and do your duty."

The General never entirely forgave his daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say, "Lilley is the finest woman in Kentucky, but she always lacked taste."

COL. HENRY PEYTON—A HERO OF 1776.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM JEFFERSON TO C. PEYTON, OF ALBEMARLE.

We publish below an interesting letter written by the illustrious Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, to his connection, the late Craven Peyton, Esq., of Monteagle, Albemarle county, Va. Craven Peyton was one of the first gentlemen of his day in Virginia, but his tastes were social and literary rather than political, and he passed a long and useful life in the quiet of his plantation, loved and admired by all who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship and partook of the elegant hospitalities of his old Virginia home—one of the stately mansions and most extensive landed

estates in Virginia. He married Miss Lewis, a niece of the President, and left among other issue a son, Charles L. Peyton, of Greenbrier, now surviving at an advanced age, and a daughter who married an esteemed townsman, William C. Eskridge, Esq., the father of William Peyton Eskridge, of this city. Craven Peyton was a nephew of the Revolutionary patriot, Colonel Henry Peyton, whose third and last son, old enough for military duty, was killed by a cannon ball from the British fleet during the siege of Charleston, S. C. He fell into the arms of the late Lieut., afterwards Gen. Porterfield, of Augusta, who immediately communicated the sad intelligence of his death to his father. Col. Peyton, when he heard of it, was struck dumb with grief, but in a moment recovering his equilibrium and self-control, exclaimed. "*Would to God I had another to put in his place.*" Such was the stuff of our Revolutionary heroes. Col. Henry Peyton was the father of Miss Fanny Peyton, wife of Chancellor Brown, and great-grandfather of the late distinguished and still lamented Col. John B. Baldwin and Mrs. Alexander H. H. Stuart: *

Monticello, August 12, 1821.

Dear Sir—Instead of answering your letter yesterday, I desired the bearer to tell you I should see you at Monteagle to-day, being anxious, also, to see my sister before I set out for Bedford, whom you mention to be still unwell. I accordingly mounted my horse just now to visit you, but found him so lame I was obliged to turn back. With respect to the fod-

*From this branch of the Peytons are also descended Mrs. J. M. Ranson, of Jefferson county, W. Va., Captain William L. Clark, of Winchester, Va., Mrs. R. T. W. Duke, of Albemarle, the late Judge J. E. Brown, of Wythe, Mrs. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, Mrs. Robert Gibson, of Cincinnati, and many others of worth and distinction in Virginia, the South and West.—R. A. B. in Richmond Standard.

der I had, on Mr. Bacon's suggestion, searched for and found the account of it, which he had given me at the time and I had forgotten; that, therefore, is right and there can be no difficulty between us. I have not yet learned from Mr. Estor Randolph when he will be able to make me payment. The moment he does I will transmit to you. I have not yet urged him, because I know he is a most anxious man always to pay a debt and that he will soon inform me. With respect to —, if he ever becomes a sober man, there will be no difficulty of reconciliation on Anne's account, but as long as he is subject to drink, his society is dangerous and we shall reject it.

I shall be glad to know the exact state of my sister's health; and pray, if she needs it, that Dr. Watkins may be requested to attend to her, and to place it on my account. I shall not stay more than a week in Bedford.

Affectionately yours,

Craven Peyton, Esq.

TH. JEFFERSON.

OLD LETTER OF COL. JOHN L. PEYTON.

TO HIS UNCLE, MAJ. T. PRESTON LEWIS.

Shirley, near Staunton, Feb'y 28th, 1858.

Dear Uncle:

I was much gratified to get your letter, brief as it was, a few days since, and was surprised to hear that you had been so long and so seriously indisposed. I hope by this time you have entirely recovered, and if not, I must renew my suggestion and invitation to you again. My suggestion that you ought to leave Washington for a time, and my invitation that you should pass that time in the fresh air and quiet comforts of my house at Shirley. By coming and staying a month or two with me you might be permanently improved in health,

and it would not, as you seem to apprehend, increase your expenses, or cut off your salary in Washington. Gov. Floyd, under the circumstances of the case would not hesitate to grant you a furlough. The pleasure I would enjoy from your society would be very great, and my wife asks me to assure you that nothing would give her more pleasure than to have you come.

The weather here is charming, and spring-like, which is something unusual at this season, but is what we expected after the vile "spell" we have had for the past five weeks.

Staunton has been quite up in the books this winter between lectures, concerts, auctions, exhibitions and other past-times and amusements.

Among the eminent strangers we have had lecture here, was George D. Prentice, of the "Louisville Journal." I did not hear his lecture, but dined with him one day while here at Judge J. H. McCue's, and confess I was not much impressed which is still further evidence of the soundness of the opinion I formed when travelling west in 1848, namely: The farther I went west the more convinced I was that the wise men came from the East.

Few persons left here for Richmond on the 22nd, and those who did were so worried by the great crowd that they saw little, and enjoyed what they saw, less.

Everets* oration surpassed any anticipations I had formed of it, while Hunter's fell far below the public expectation. What can compensate a man for falling below the public estimate on such an occasion! It almost drives a man to believe every effort a mockery—and that he is apt to reap by his efforts not fame, but despair.

Crawford's statue of Washington is said to be the finest

*Edward Everett's Oration on Washington.

specimen of the kind extant, by the side of which that hobby-horse concern, Mill's Statue of President Jackson, in Washington is a miserable failure. The "horse" of Crawford is agreed to be above praise, while that of "Mills," in front of the President's house is said to be a ewe-necked tacky, a mealy-mouthed, wall-eyed brute, who looks as if old Jackson, in the language of a Tennessee poet:

"Had placed on him a bridle and a saddle,
Then on his back had leapt astraddle."

and had been ever since fastened there by iron rods, which are said to run up the horses hind legs, keeping him on an equipoise, and forever facing the White House.

Among those who were attracted to Richmond was Howe, but what, (if any) impressions were made on his mind, is not known, as he has since observed a severe silence.

I was not surprised to learn of the rage for fashion and extravagance in Washington. It is always so with the *parvenues*, whether in Washington or on 5th Avenue. The "new-rich" have no other way of bringing themselves into notice and contempt. They constitute a beastly crew, who change their principles much oftener than their linen. I cordially participate in your feelings of disgust for such a gang.

Betty joins me in affectionate salutations. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am dear Uncle, as ever,

Your affectionate nephew,

Thos. P. Lewis, Esq., }
War Department, }
Washington, D. C. }

JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

LETTER OF COL. JOHN LEWIS PEYTON.

A DISPUTED POEM—PROOF THAT THE EARL OF DERBY DID
NOT WRITE THE POEM TO GENERAL LEE.

Staunton, Va., December 3, 1877.

To the Baltimore Gazette:

In your paper of the 30th of November you introduce the following lines, with the remark, "*On the fly-leaf of the copy of the Iliad given by the late Earl of Derby to General Robert E' Lee were the following verses:*"

The grave old bard, who never dies,
Receive him in our native tongue;
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy has fallen—thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the grief I feel.

Oh, home of tears! But let her bear
This blazon to the end of time;
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
Are round thee; but in truth be strong;
eternal right, though all things fail,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
(*Not Homer's*) could alone for me
Hymn forth the great Confederate South;
Virginia first—then Lee.

Permit me to say that you are in error in attributing these lines to the late Earl of Derby. Lord Derby was an eminent statesman, as well as distinguished scholar, and during the whole period of the civil war in our country was the leader of the opposition, or Tory party in the British Parliament. Never during this time did he criticise adversely the policy of Lord Palmerston in refusing recognition to the Confederate government. So far from it, he distinctly and repeatedly announced his concurrence in the course of the British cabinet. Had he been at the head of her majesty's government at that period I am satisfied that he would have adhered strictly to the policy of Palmerston and Gladstone in this particular. This was his firm position, though urged to use his influence to secure Confederate recognition by many influential gentlemen of the Tory party, among them Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, the present governor of Bombay; Mr. Beresford Hope, M. P.; Mr. Gregory, M. P. for Galway, and others not so well known in this country.

Such was Lord Derby's anxiety to relieve the distress arising from the cotton famine in Lancashire, lest it might lead to popular agitation in favor of a recognition of the Southern States, that he made a single single subscription to the relief fund of £5,000. Not only in this case, but in many others throughout the war, he showed himself everything else than what was styled in those days in England "a friend and sympathizer with the South."

It is not at all likely, then, that his lordship would, whatever his admiration of the character and military genius of General Lee, have addressed him the foregoing lines, nor is it true. The lines were written by a young and gifted English poet, now no more, *Philip Stanhope Worsely*. Mr. W. was a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and died

about ten years since. He gave the world in 1861 a translation of the *Odyssey* in the Gregorian stanza—one of the most pleasing hitherto produced—and in 1865 published a translation of the *Iliad* in the Spenserian stanza. A copy of this latter work he sent to General Lee, with a little poem of presentation written on the fly-leaf. It was seen by the General's friends, who requested a transcript of the verses for publication, but he would never permit them to be printed, his native modesty shrinking from the warm panegyric they embodied. Now that both poet and soldier have passed away there is no good reason why they should be withheld from the public eye, and I must express my gratification at seeing them in *The Gazette*. At the same time it is due to the memories of both that the error into which you have unconsciously fallen should be corrected, and this is the sole motive with which I have addressed you this brief and hasty note.

J. LEWIS PEYTON.

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